11.00 p.m.

La Fayette, Cal.,
Dec. 1, 1916.

My dearest boy;

Just a few lines to let you know I am still alive after a big Thanksgiving dinner yesterday.

Dearest, I will let you know that I went to Piedmont with my girl friend's mother to spend the day. We had tea and the girl took me all through her beautiful home. I had a very pleasant visit and I got up to Claremont at 4 o'clock. I waited at the Key Route station and at our friend's house until 5 o'clock and never saw any-body that I knew pass so I decided to ask Mr. Brown to bring me out so when we was up to nearly where we turn

off the boulevard when papa passed us so I came home with him and I had to pay the man .75 cents but my folks didn't get mad. ~~They were~~ because they knew it was not my fault as I didn't know whether dad would go after me or not. They were greatly surprised that you didn't come to spend Thanksgiving with us but I told them I never thought that you could come with me until after it was too late. I forgot that you was not to work Thurday or I would of waited until after you got home and we could of come together and not spend any money. Papa was going down about six as mother had told him that you wouldn't be home until after 5 o'clock so it would be impossible for us to get to Claremont before 6.30 p.m. I didn't know they had planned on having you or I would of been glad to wait for you, dear.

It would of just happened fine as dad went to Oakland twice yesterday. He took one Japanese down in the morning and at 8 o'clock last night when Mrs. Roberts and family were here playing cards another Jap came up and asked papa to take him and another one to Telegraph Ave. and Channingway, Berkely, but of course we didn't know things would come out that way but don't worry dear, as I live in hopes that some day if God is willing we will be able to spend a holiday altogether without any trouble. Isn't it so, dear?

Dearest, to-morrow I think dad is going to get the man at Claremont so that they can kill the pigs in the afternoon and I certainly wish

you was going to be here but I'm not going to ask you to come because if you came and wasn't pleased you would have to blame only me, so you can do as you like because you know if you come you will be welcomed by us all. Papa will take the man back Sunday but I don't know at what time.

I wanted to write a letter for Mr. Hufham but it is just 12 so I have to go to the box and it is raining very hard but I'm going just the same because papa wants me to have a money order made out to pay the taxes. Must surely close and run down and I wish there would be a letter there from you but I doubt it as I suppose it won't come until to-morrow. Lots of love and regards from my folks and please remember us to comadre and compadre and kisses for the children & yourself. Good-bye dear from your sweetheart.